A

LETTER

TO THE

ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEWERS.

By Charles Lloyd,

AUTHOR OF EDMUND OLIVER, &c. &c.

But, cruel are the times when we are traitors,
—AND DO NOT KNOW OURSELVES.

MACBETH.

Cur neſcire, pudens pravè, quam diſcere malo?

HORACE de Arte Poetica.

Birmingham,

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LETTER,

&c. &c.

GENTLEMEN,

ON perusing your Review for August 1798, I was surprised, in the article of EDMUND OLIVER, to find myself represented as an active and political Jacobin. I was hurt too, as well as surprised; for acknowledging, as I am obliged to do, the propriety of such an undertaking as your's professes to be, at the present juncture, I could not help feeling a wish that your plan were executed with more fairness and impartiality.

It is not my business, gentlemen, to interfere with the notion you may have formed of the intellectual merit or demerit of the tale—

tale—if other Reviewers are, you certainly muſt be, juſtified in expreſſing any opinion that, after a candid and thorough peruſal, ſhall approve itſelf to your judgment. But are you to be defended, in having wholly neglected the general tendency of the work; in having wholly paſſed over the temper of its ſentiments, and the nature of its philoſophy, and reſting merely on one, by far the moſt exceptionable paſſage contained in it, to repreſent the whole as a tiſſue of opinions exactly the reverſe of what it profeſſes to be?

If there be any ſyſtem developed in the pages you ſo vehemently anathematize, it is that of quietneſs, of non-reſiſtance to all inſtitutions, whatever they may be; a faint attempt to revive the uncontending ſpirit of chriſtianity. If I know any thing of the temper of Jacobiniſm, it is a doctrine of mad violence, of experiment without experience; a doctrine that ſhall miſtake paſſion for ability, intrigue for ſagaciouſneſs, a laviſh and dazling ſplendour for virtue, and a bloated uncalculating ambition for greatneſs; it is a thing which ſpares no means to attain its end; which holds all perſons in contempt, which deſpiſes the gravity of function, and the

the ſacredneſs of authority; it would maſſacre prieſts, and magiſtrates, and lords, and kings in the wantonneſs of experiment; and would think, by ſuch meaſures, a few years of intemperate licentiouſneſs cheaply purchaſed.

Gentlemen, if you imagine that the writer of EDMUND OLIVER *cultivates intentionally* any diſpoſition in common with ſuch a deſcription of men, you are much miſtaken; it has been his fortune (whether good or evil it is impoſſible for him to tell) to fall in frequently with perſons intemperately averſe to the inſtitutions of his country—he has heard their language—their terms and manners have become familiar to him;—he has known many good men of that deſcription (he ſcruples not to ſay it even to Anti-Jacobin Reviewers); but he could appeal to each and to all—he could appeal to the familiar friends of his domeſtic and paternal hearth, and feels a conſcious pride in knowing, that were their teſtimony required, each one and all would repel, with no heſitating or equivocal anſwer, your political and moral accuſation.

The part, gentlemen, of EDMUND OLIVER, which you have ſelected for cenſure, I

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am as ready as you are to cenſure myſelf. I know that it is unfair to attack an inſtitution by connecting ſome ridiculous, and perhaps ſtrained circumſtance (an exception to a general rule) with that inſtitution. At the time theſe anecdotes relative to the army, which I now allude to, were inſerted, having had (and I now rely that I never ſhall have) no reaſon to doubt the veracity of the gentleman who imparted them to me, I introduced them, with an unreaſoning, and unforeſeeing confidence. I had lived in a remote country place, and wholly inattentive to the preſent active purſuits of my countrymen; ignorant of (or at leaſt only incidentally learning, without ſolicitation) the temper of the country; ignorant of its prejudices, and ignorant of its virtues; ignorant of its modes; and, moſt of all, ignorant of its prevalent dialects; I little dreamt of the light in which they would be viewed, by perſons made not illaudably captious by the imprudences, and ſometimes by the open violences of modern democrats. But, gentlemen, you have done me injuſtice, in cenſuring me as a wilful liar. I believed the facts at the time; I now believe one, on the teſtimony of the gentleman who related it to me;

me; the ſecond-hand * authority of the other two, it is not now in my power to appreciate.

But to return. After giving me leave to premiſe that I am now only reaſoning with you, on the *extent* of inference to be drawn from theſe anecdotes; they certainly imply an abhorrence of war—an abhorrence of the neceſſities which create war—luſt, pride, inſubordination, popular clamours, and ambition—the whole work expreſſes an abhorrence of;—here the neceſſities of war become not the ſubject in queſtion, but war itſelf. I have condemned it in the groſs, without diſcrimination, and (I will allow) in the paſſage you have quoted, without much thought; but yours is a moſt ſtrained deduction, that the work abuſes the war with the regicides.

There is a difference, gentlemen, between a morality founded on a notion of poſſible individual attainment, which from the knowledge of our own natures, or ſome other natures, may have ſuggeſted itſelf to

* The perſon who profeſſed to be witneſs to theſe inſtances, is now abroad.

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the mind—there is a difference between ſuch a morality, and that ſyſtem which ſound ſenſe, founded on experience, founded on a knowledge of man as he has been collectively and ſingly, and as he now is, collectively and ſingly, would apply to general uſe. The grand pervading defect of EDMUND OLIVER is, that the diſtinction is not ſufficiently marked; the private characters may be conſtrued into public apoſtles, but they never were intended ſo to be. To apply this; I diſapprove of all war; I would have as little to do with it as may be, leſt I ſhould incur ſome individual ſtain; it is the child of human frailty, and even exceeds its parent in deformity: but while I do this, I doubt not, nor have I ever doubted (let modern democrats ſay what they pleaſe) of the relative expediency and neceſſity of the "war with the regicides."

The only expreſſion in the work, on which you found, as it were, the charge of a ſyſtematic attack on the preſent war, is the following, put into the mouth of CHARLES MAURICE, and addreſſed to EDMUND OLIVER, then a ſoldier—"A juſt cauſe is diſgraced by ſuch unjuſt means of defending it, and thus

thus to proſecute an unjuſt one, is the very climax of human depravity." I never ſay what that unjuſt cauſe is, there is no hint that it alludes to the preſent cauſe of war, and knowing, as I muſt do, my own feelings when it was written, I ſolemnly declare, that no ſuch reference was intended.

At the concluſion of the paſſage from which this is taken, which is merely declamatory againſt war in general, you thus addreſs me. "Indeed, Mr. CHARLES LLOYD, you are a very young political arguer; you know very little of the hiſtory of mankind, or the principles of human nature, otherwiſe you would have perceived, that while human paſſions continue as they are, the natural means of defence, as well as individual, will be neceſſary. The feebleneſs of your arguments prevents us, who do not think this war an unjuſt cauſe, from being mortified that our opinions are not ſanctioned by you, Mr. CHARLES LLOYD."

I might, did I chuſe to degrade myſelf to your flippant familiarity of ſtyle, retort —Indeed, Mr. Reviewers, you muſt be very ſhort-ſighted, if you ſuppoſe that I could

for a moment have doubted of the neceſſity of wars. There have been, and there will be wars; there have been, and there will be revolutions: — ſhould I, therefore, becauſe theſe things, from certain proximate cauſes, have been, and will be, make a ſyſtem of them? convert into a daily doſe that remedy which we ſhould have recourſe to with a grave caution, and only in caſes of imperious emergency?

Unfortunately for your repreſentation of my political character, I hold all rebellion to government as unlawful—all revolutions as changes to which we may affix the general name of criminal. Yet, when a neceſſity ariſes, "THAT IS NOT CHOSEN, BUT CHOOSES *," theſe things will follow.

* I have found it nearly impoſſible, in this and another paſſage, to avoid availing myſelf of the admirable expreſſions of that great political and moral maſter, Mr. BURKE. As the ſame ſentiment which he has introduced, neceſſarily aſſociates itſelf with the occaſion, I felt a conſcious pride in the aſſiſtance of his language. I truſt I ſhall always think for myſelf; but I would be ready to owe a higher utterance to any man. I ſhall tranſcribe the whole paſſage from which theſe two phraſes are taken; though I am aware that in ſo doing all that I have written will ſeem but a foil to its con-

Did I ſee a man, or a ſet of men, like a revolution for its own ſake; feel a complacency

concentered brightneſs. It is, in my opinion, ſeparated from the illuſtrious work of which it is a part, an almoſt exhauſtleſs magazine of immutable truth.

"Society is indeed a contract. Subordinate contracts for objects of mere occaſional intereſt may be diſſolved at pleaſure—but the ſtate ought not to be conſidered as nothing better than a partnerſhip agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, callico or tobacco, or ſome other ſuch low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary intereſt, and to be diſſolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence; becauſe it is not a partnerſhip in things ſubſervient only to the groſs animal exiſtence of a temporary and periſhable nature. It is a partnerſhip in all ſcience; a partnerſhip in all art; a partnerſhip in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of ſuch a partnerſhip cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnerſhip not only between thoſe who are living, but between thoſe who are living, thoſe who are dead, and thoſe who are to be born. Each contract of each particular ſtate is but a clauſe in the great primæval contract of eternal ſociety, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the viſible and inviſible world, according to a fixed compact ſanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all phyſical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place. *This law is not ſubject to the will of thoſe, who by an obligation above them, and infinitely ſuperior, are bound to ſubmit their will to that law.* The municipal corporations of that univerſal kingdom are not morally at liberty at their pleaſure, and on their ſpeculations of

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in the ſphere of activity which it afforded them; gain by it in any way; talk more than befits the gravity of experience, of its advantages; I ſhould ſuſpect ſuch men, to be ſhort-ſighted or ſelf-intereſted; to be dangerous demagogues, whom it behoves ſociety to reſtrain; or deſigning and ambitious men, whom juſtice calls upon it to puniſh. Moreover, when I ſee men loving war for its own ſake: fomenting, with exulting cruelty, the hot cauldron of diſcord; adding to cauſes of conflict and perſecution, which

a contingent improvement, wholly to ſeparate and tear aſunder the bands of their ſubordinate community, and to diſſolve it into an unſocial, uncivil, unconnected chaos of elementary principles. *It is the firſt and ſupreme neceſſity only, a neceſſity that is not choſen but chooſes, a neceſſity paramount to deliberation, that admits no diſcuſſion, and demands no evidence, which alone can juſtify a reſort to anarchy. This neceſſity is no exception to the rule; becauſe this neceſſity itſelf is a part too of that moral and phyſical diſpoſition of things to which man muſt be obedient by conſent or force; but if that which is only ſubmiſſion to neceſſity ſhould be made the object of choice, the law is broken, nature is diſobeyed, and the rebellious are outlawed, caſt forth and exiled, from this world of reaſon, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagoniſt world of madneſs, diſcord, vice, confuſion, and unavailing ſorrow.*"

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common human depravity, and common human weakneſs, produce with ſuch a dreadful fecundity. When I ſee them rioting in exceſs of luxury, from ſources of proſperity newly determined to them by the general and ſolemn calamity; when I ſee ſuch men, I do not, as in the former caſe, heſitate whether to cenſure or condemn.

As human beings we are frail; our chriſtianity teaches us, to ſeek for ſafety alone from a perpetual ſelf-diſtruſt: for an individual then, the doctrine of expediency is moſt dangerous; in making uſe of the ſharp edged inſtrument of evil, he will moſt likely wound himſelf: but, if the deſtroying weapon be ſeized by nations, by millions, inconſiderately, and on a frivolous pretext, how dreadful the effect! Did God himſelf lead to battle, who alone can juſtly inflict national puniſhments, becauſe he ſees ends, and can apply national remedies; did God himſelf lead to battle, he would equally ſeek the good of the conquered, and the conquering, of thoſe who were ſlain, and thoſe who were kept alive. Can a ſingle man enter upon a ſingle evil with this pure diſintereſtedneſs of feeling? How much leſs, then,

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can a nation at large do it? How few think—how many are machines—theſe machines, who know nothing of conſequences, are inevitably debauched in the proceſs; and even the thinkers would do well, if they have any regard to themſelves, to examine accurately with what temper they wield the ſword of vengeance. On ſuch principles, all war is an object of diſguſt to my mind;—the poet who exclaims,

" O, for a lodge in ſome vaſt wilderneſs,
" Some boundleſs contiguity of ſhade,
" Where rumour of oppreſſion and deceit,
" And unſucceſsful and ſucceſsful war,
" Might never reach me more!"

COWPER.

was never ſuſpected, as far as I have heard, of Jacobiniſm: from ſome ſuch feeling, never from a party oppoſition, did I write what you have been pleaſed ſo ſeverely to cenſure, and ſo wantonly to miſapply.

I allow again, that I ſhould have acted with more wiſdom, had I conſidered the preſent times; and, if I had a mite to caſt, to have thrown it into the oppoſite ſcale. I oppoſe not your cenſure in general, but I object to the degree of it; and I utterly deny, in the book,

book, the appearance of any ſuch ſyſtem as that of which you have accuſed me; and which, with a miraculous power of multiplication, you have worked out of one poor particular phraſe. The poet, whom I have juſt quoted, ridicules the vain and the petit-maitre parſon; is he, therefore, an enemy to church eſtabliſhments? Did he wiſh to oppoſe them, would he not ſet about it in a very different way, namely, by endeavouring to prove that upon the whole they did miſchief? Not by expoſing particular defects, which, as well as with regard to every thing human, are attached to them.—— I ſhould ſuppoſe ſo. This I ſhould imagine, the only plauſible method of attacking a particular moral temperament, a particular caſt in ſocial life. Now, gentlemen, at this inſtant I allow the neceſſity of wars, and ſtanding armies; and, at this particular juncture, the tenfold neceſſity; and the tenfold debt which we owe to ſuch inſtitutions.

The author of EDMUND OLIVER, gentlemen, has lived remote from any connexions which could accurately inform him of what paſſes in the political world; he has alſo never been in ſituations of individual reſpon-

reſponſibility, that could aid or excite a high intereſt in the daily matter-of-fact politics of his country; as far, however, as his obſervation has gone, and as far as with limited means of information he has been able to judge, he has uniformly deemed the conduct of our preſent adminiſtration wiſe and praiſeworthy. He ſeldom allows himſelf to ſpeak on political ſubjects; but whenever he has ſpoken, it has been to applaud. He is not a man lightly to canvaſs the characters of thoſe high in office, who are impelled by an intricacy of motive that perſons in ſecluded and ſimple ſituations can little comprehend; and he has been ever ready, where upon the whole he has diſcovered ability and wiſdom (as he thinks he has done in the character of the preſent miniſter) to adopt a principle of faith with regard to the more obſcure parts of conduct.

I ſhould not, gentlemen, have thus addreſſed you on my own account. I expect to live down the influence of your imputations, and of imputations tenfold more important than yours; but I have friends whom I eſteem and love, and who eſteem and love me, that are warmly attached to the

the conſtitution, to its church, and its king: they diſintereſtedly ſuffer for the miſrepreſentation contained in your review, and to ſatisfy their repeated intreaties, I have forced myſelf to the taſk of addreſſing you.

One ſhould think, gentlemen, that the very fact of my making the only two bad characters in my work, the only two characters againſt which I have wiſhed to excite an odium, democrats; were a circumſtance that might have prevented your miſrepreſentation: there is a whole chapter to prove the impropriety of attacking governments, or political bodies. Do the following paſſages, for inſtance, ſavour of a diſpoſition, which you alledge you have found in the book, to make "active citizens?"

"I expect to find him one of your daſhing modern democrats. A man who will talk very big of reform, and general principles, but who for the world would not be guilty of a perſonal privation, or unpraiſed ſelf-denial. A man who wills not to *do right*, but finds that all is right which *he wills*; who has the happy talent of diſcovering that all *his deſires* nicely adapt themſelves to the moſt approved calculations

of moral uſefulneſs. But why ſhould I waſte my time about theſe ſelf-created ſaviours of mankind? *"

And again;

"This would be my plan," ſaid I, "I would exactly reverſe the method of our modern democrats, who (neglecting the vineyard of their own hearts) are always attacking bodies of men, yet ever avoid wreſtling with human nature itſelf; who are perpetually declaiming for reform, yet indulge in their own perſons all thoſe vices and paſſions which make ariſtocratical inſtitutions ſo eminently neceſſary. Who care little for reſcinding their wants, leſſening their phyſical encroachments, getting rid of the pride of ſelf, and a monopolizing ſpirit: (defects which are the very panders to ariſtocratical influence), yet are anxiouſly ſcrupulous to maintain the paraphernalia of their ſect, who will be putting on a green cravat, dragging the coach of an oppoſition member, writing letters for the mere purpoſe of introducing "my dear citizen,"

* See EDMUND OLIVER, volume i. pages 151, 152.

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and bellowing to a mob who can boaſt of nothing but paſſion, and brute turbulence!*"

There are innumerable inſtances of the ſame kind. Diſpoſitions do not ſo much manifeſt themſelves by direct aſſertion, eſpecially if there be a certain vehemency in it, and a particular object at which it is levelled, as by an indirect and unintended diſcloſure of the bias of the mind. This you ſhould have attended to. Had you ſat down to the peruſal of EDMUND OLIVER with the impreſſion of this ſentiment, much of your political cenſure would have been ſpared.

Again; the very eſſence of jacobiniſm, the quality without which it could not long exiſt, is a principle of perſonal licentiouſneſs; a principle which inveſts every natural paſſion of human nature with a right to enjoyment. So far is any ſuch ſentiment from being inculcated in EDMUND OLIVER, that the whole ſcope of the work is to repreſs the undiſciplined energies of the mind; to recommend obedience rather than effort; patience, and forbearance, and

* EDMUND OLIVER, vol. i. pages 183, 184.

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all the long train of negative and chriſtian virtues, rather than fortitude, and energy, and intellect, and benevolence—and all the ſpurious progeny of pride, by a miſnomer of the Godwinian ſchool, honoured with epithets they ill deſerve.

Edmund Oliver is the production of youth, of youth which theoriſes on its own feelings, and applies them to human nature, rather than ſtudies human nature, and wraps itſelf up in its ſingle integrity. I could, gentlemen, if it would give you any ſatisfaction, ſelect many paſſages which you, in all clemency, have overlooked; that ſeparated from the work at large, ſeem ſtrongly ſtamped with the "mark of the beaſt:"—for inſtance, there is a violent philippic againſt commerce. Commerce ſuits not many minds; but man muſt have an individual object in ſociety, or he would be inactive, conſtituted as he is; and commerce is as good as any other ſtimulus (and I ſuppoſe better, as far as it extends, or it would not be permitted) to call forth the phyſical man, to combine the gratification of his appetites with faint exertions of reaſon, to blend ſelf-intereſt with ingenuity, to interweave the objects of the individual with thoſe of the

the community; and to mingle the distinct aims of millions (in whom the oppositions of hereditary frailty, and those of acquired mental character, unite) into a homogeneous, and mutually protecting mass.

When EDMUND OLIVER was written, whatever was defective in institution, the author was ready to reject, to reject for his imaginary characters; he had not learned the use of a variety of temperaments in life; he did not feel the complexity of man's nature, the multiplicity of his cravings, and the luxuriant shootings of his unconquerable mind. But a person with the least sagacity, one would imagine, might distinguish between *inexperience* and *knavery*; between a disposition that (certainly with utopian enthusiasm) longs to render man the creature of reason, and the subject of God's moral government; to raise man *above law*; might distinguish between such a disposition, and that of a frantic and jealous opposition to all rules; a spirit of equality, grounded on revenge, and some personal hardship; a spirit that looks askance, and with an evil eye, at those more fortunate than itself; and that so far from being above

above law, is always making itſelf obnoxious to its moſt temperate influence.

The author of EDMUND OLIVER is neither a jacobin, as you have repreſented him, nor an oppoſitioniſt, nor a republican, nor a revolutioniſt in any ſenſe of the word; he has read various political ſyſtems, and he finds that they almoſt uniformly are ingenious *a poſteriori* theories*, affecting an *a priori* majeſty; ſpringing up in cultivated minds, minds formed from the intricate diſcipline of ſociety, to account for the inſtitutions,

* I mean affecting a capability of diſcovering the *laws*, without the *lights* of ſocial life, into which, when man is once entered, a new elementary training becomes impertinent.

" Let others creep by timid ſteps and ſlow,
" On *plain experience* lay foundations low;
" By *common ſenſe*, to *common knowledge* bred,
" And laſt to *nature*'s cauſe, thro' *nature* led."

" *We nobly take the high Priori Road,*
" *And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God:*"

" Find *Virtue local*, all *relation ſcorn*,
" *Be all in ſelf*, AND BUT FOR SELF *be born.*"

POPE'S DUNCIAD.

and

and embodied moral cauſes which operate around them. Rouſſeau's doctrine of the ſocial contract is one of theſe; he finds ſociety conſtituted, and he arbitrarily aſſigns contract as its origin. I believe that all things find their level; that we are led by our moral appetites to what will moſt advantage our natures: ſociety is, in its beginning, the joining together in a given ſpace for mutual protection, of a number of human beings; they enter, not reaſoning, into it, from an inevitable impulſe, with a ſafe yet blind inſtinct. The colliſon of their minds, and the means which the labour of the weaker (for phyſical cauſes will chiefly operate in an infant ſtate of ſociety) afford to a few, will, in proceſs of time, lead to diſcoveries in the arts, in the ſciences, and laſtly to philoſophy. In all this proceſs there is nothing of contract; the immutable laws of the univerſe lead man to feel the miſeries of his "naked and ſhivering nature," and feeling to provide for them. Theſe immutable laws, acting at firſt as inſtincts in the minds of the agents, impel man to ſociety. Society is, therefore, the offspring of him who governs the world by general laws; it is an inſtitution (inaſmuch as man always

does,

does, therefore, ſpeaking philoſophically, always *muſt* fall into ſome of its modifications) of divine origin. Further; that modification of it, which man moſt frequently falls into (ſtill carefully adhering to the philoſophy of experience) has at leaſt a preſumptive advantage: and if in ſome caſes he has, through a longer ſucceſſion of years, attained a certain mean of happineſs under that modification, than has been derived from any other; I repeat, a longer ſucceſſion of years—for I lay more ſtreſs on this duration than on a tranſient and ſurpaſſing brilliance. If this can be proved with regard to any modification, that is alſo a general law for man; he is impelled to it by his general nature—it is, as I affirmed of the firſt ſtate of ſociety, a divine inſtitution.

Now I hold this of the hereditary and monarchical form of government; I therefore, though I do not believe in the divine right of kings, for their own ſake, would affirm it with regard to the people; in their office, if the gradations which I have gone through be juſtly traced, centers all knowledge and all virtue, all ſcience and all art, all philoſophy, and (I ſcruple not to ſay it)

all

all religion: for, without ſociety and its complicated diſcipline, and without the beſt form of ſociety, which I believe the monarchical to be, none of theſe could be obtained in their higheſt perfection.

It will be aſked, Do I hold the divine right of an Eaſtern Deſpot, of the Grand Lama, or the Emperor of Morocco?—I anſwer, that after a ſurvey of things, I am led to believe that no avoidable evil originates in individuals; they are but the engines by means of which general vice operates; that if theſe individuals become notoriouſly worſe than the purpoſes of their ſituation require, than the combined moral cauſes of a public nature centering in their office tend to produce, ſo that the blending ſhades of ſociety can no longer conceal their ſingle guilt, a generous indignation fatal to their perſons will be excited: if there be that elementary virtue which feels without thinking, this will be the caſe; if there be only a ſtagnant acquieſcence in vice throughout the whole community, it little matters what is the character of its chief ruler. Theſe rebellions, therefore, will take place in extreme circumſtances;—I

never ſhould be the perſon to recommend them.

CHRIST and his apoſtles went about doing good, when the rulers of the world had ſunken to the laſt ſtage of depravity; yet their doctrine, from which one would imagine a chriſtian could make no appeal, is that of unconditional non-reſiſtance.—They looked beyond this world, and they ſublimely thought of great men as choſen agents to effect the diſpenſations of their Maker; never with a puny and ſhort-ſighted diſcontent, which, not penetrating into the variety of human relations, embodies general evil in perſons, and feels ſavage exultation at the name of revolutioniſt and regicide.

I therefore wholly reject the doctrine of natural rights, and contracts, and the rights of the people to judge for themſelves. Society is for our good, and we each of us have a right to as much good, and no more, as is conſiſtent with the greateſt benefit to the greateſt number.

In many caſes I ſee that it is fitting that government ſhould be held in contempt of thoſe who are governed: I ſee analogies,

founded

founded on the hiſtory of mankind, and the experience of ages, that juſtify it;—the multitude will not think ſo, and it is well they ſhould not think ſo, or we ſhould ſink into a worſe than eaſtern ſtate of ſervitude. But abſtract theories, affecting ſimplicity, where all poſſible variety of phyſieal and moral energies combine to operate, are ridiculous and miſapplied; I therefore reject them. Each caſe has its particular law, and the only general rule that can be laid down on a new emergency, is to abide by the principle, as near as may be, which governed mankind in a ſituation the moſt ſimilar to it that can be traced before.

Without the poliſh and beauty, without even the luxury and refined voluptuouſneſs of civilized life, ſome of our higheſt moral and religious taſtes never could have been produced. Where there are not great temptations, there cannot be great virtue; a rich conſtitution of mind and body, will require a variety of contact; muſt be built up with complex ſkill; it muſt have food for its appetites, and food for its paſſions; it muſt have high project for its reaſon, and ſublime ſelf-denial for its religion. This character,

this

this higheſt character of man; this character, which connects the "*lower with the higher nature*," the phyſical with the moral world, the communities of earth with the perfected companies of the bleſſed, can alone be obtained by all the poſſible ſhades of pleaſure and pain, of honour and infamy, of beauty and deformity, of high exaltation and low abaſement, which are found in what is called civilized life.

I began, gentlemen, by an attempt not to juſtify every phraſe in EDMUND OLIVER, but to diſprove your general accuſation. As a further evidence of the ſincerity with which I have written, you will excuſe me that I have thus treſpaſſed on your time, not by informing you of what I am not, but rather by profeſſing what I am.

I ſhould think little of any ſet of men who, incapable of feeling indirect evidence, wholly build up an accuſation on a ſimple and diſconnected expreſſion.

The very motto of EDMUND OLIVER diſcovers how little the author allows to unreſtrained paſſions—every page of the work diſcovers it. It is not a ſpirit that, foreſeeing

ing and acknowledging human depravity, leans reluctantly to ariſtocratical inſtitutions, that would denounce againſt him the anathema of ſedition; it muſt be a diſpoſition that triumphs in the parade, and ſhew, and luxury of drapery, and rank, and title, and inſolent gradation of office and corruption, in which the plethora of human guilt loves to diſguiſe itſelf.

In old times men might talk of the vices of rich men, of lords, and kings, with impunity; I would fain have too great a reſpect for the maſs of theſe priviledged beings, not to do ſo ſtill in individual inſtances: nor can you, gentlemen, ſo cauterize my moral ſenſe, ſo metamorphoſe it in the refinements of your political alembic, that I ſhall ceaſe to feel a human ſtarting and horror, when I ſee enormity, however graced with luxury of trapping, or amplitude of robe!

A people is fallen very low when it makes a ſyſtem, a voluntary and favourite ſyſtem, of corruption; it is like all other reſorts to evil, dangerous—but more fatal than them all: that this ſevereſt condemnation never may be attached to the character

ter of my countrymen, or be fixed as an indelible ſtigma on the annals of my country, is the ardent prayer of one—its friend! —a friend to its Nobility, its Church, and its King.

Heartily coinciding with your profeſſed ſentiments, and ardently wiſhing you ſucceſs in the attainment of your object, though differing it ſhould ſeem in opinion as to the means expedient to be uſed, I am,

Gentlemen,

your's, &c. &c.

CHARLES LLOYD.

APPENDIX.

WHEN I began the preceding Letter, I intended merely to ground my argument on ſuch a firm and ſimple ſtatement of feelings and principles as, I truſted, would bring a conviction to every mind, which has not loſt the ſenſe of moral diſcrimination. It ſhould ſeem an endleſs taſk to club quotations, to bring together all the paſſages that might be deemed exceptionable, or thoſe, on the other hand, which might vindicate my performance; if any perſons wiſh for ſo accurate and minute a juſtification, I would refer them to the work in queſtion. Yet, on again taking up the review, I cannot avoid tranſcribing two paſſages; one particularly becauſe a perſon beſides myſelf is involved in the cenſure it contains: "This Mr. CHARLES LLOYD we conceive to be one of the twin-bards, who unite their impotent efforts to propagate their principles, which are alike marked by folly and wickedneſs, in a kind of baby language,

language, which they are pleaſed to call blank verſe."

The perſon you have thus leagued in a partnerſhip of infamy with me, is Mr. CHARLES LAMB; a man who ſo far from being a democrat, would be the firſt perſon to aſſent to the opinions contained in the foregoing pages: he is a man too much occupied with real and painful duties, duties of high perſonal ſelf-denial, to trouble himſelf about ſpeculative matters: whenever he has thrown his ideas together, it has been from the irreſiſtible impulſe of the moment, never from any intention to propagate a ſyſtem, much leſs any "of folly and wickedneſs." But it is rather unfortunate for thoſe who have laid this accuſation againſt him, that there is not one word of a political tendency in any way, in the effuſions of this man, of whom I am proud of being called the friend; ſince I know that I ſhall deſerve the epithet from him in proportion as I am the friend of all men.

The other paſſage is the following:— "We do not augur well of the activity of Mr. LLOYD; we have neither found the delicious ſentiments, nor the accurate delineations

tions of paſſion, which the Reviewer praiſes. With reſpect to activity of thought, we do not expect much from an activity, of which the effect is erroneous concluſion. Mr. LLOYD's thoughts, indeed, we admit, to be evidently intended to increaſe the number of ACTIVE CITIZENS."

The only anſwer that I ſhall make to this, ſince I have ſo fully expreſſed myſelf before, ſhall be in the words of the apoſtle, whoſe opinion I receive and revere, without twiſt, or palliating explanation :—" Let every ſoul be ſubject unto the higher powers, for there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whoſoever, therefore, reſiſteth the power, reſiſteth the ordinance of God: and they that reſiſt ſhall receive to themſelves damnation."

I truſt that it will not be deemed irrelevant, if I tranſcribe the following dialogue from an unpubliſhed manuſcript, written by myſelf laſt ſpring; intended as an expreſſion of my own ſentiments

at the time; and, with the piece of which it is a part, ſubmitted to the peruſal of many friends—It will at leaſt prove, that my preſent opinions have not been lightly or ſuddenly taken up.

COLVIL, *and* Father LE CHARIER, *an emigrant prieſt.*

LE CHARIER. Said you ſo, Colvil? You deplore, then, the fate of my wretched country?

COLVIL. As I would the fate of any, where more liberty exiſts than there is virtue to ſupport it.

LE CHARIER. Oh, ſir, it is the faſhion among many in this iſland, to affect to envy their neighbours acroſs the ſea! No laws, no religion, no public or private confidence!—What muſt be the ſtate of a nation where the whim, the humour of the moment, and the moſt extravagant licentiouſneſs of deſire, alone ſtimulate to action?

COLVIL. Le Charier, our mad and modern ſpeculatiſts would reverſe the order of nature; would efface, with a ſacrilegious impiety, the character which the Maker of

of this world has ſo evidently impreſt upon it—the character of a *myſterious imperfection!* As for myſelf, when I conſider the infinity of elements, the contrariety of energies, that are at work in this ſcene, not made for mortal explanation; I am only ſurprized at their wonderful adaption and order! Is there an evil not teeming with a benefit? An abortion in nature, not capable of aſſuming a new and a better form? We accuſe men—inſtitutions, as if they were the authors of evil. That very ſpirit of bitterneſs, of accuſation, proves that the ſource lies deeper—in our own hearts.

LE CHARIER. Since my earlieſt youth I have been viſited with many calamities—but in none of them could I trace the hand of man; a mightier than he has ſcourged me!—I have bowed myſelf down in contentedneſs; I have learned humility;—and amid all my afflictions, my Religion has been a ſure comforter!

COLVIL. Yet your afflictions have not been few, or light. Le Charier, I ſmile at the puny ſufferings of my fellow men! Nothing, however, will be perfect or ſtable here. Perhaps it is intended that communities,

nities, and empires, ſhould paſs through the ſtages of youth, maturity, and old age, which characteriſe the life of man! Virtue is not an affair of precept; no ſyſtem will plant it in the heart!—Trial, difficulty—diſcipline, over which man has no power, alone can produce it! Hence it will exiſt in the youth, in the ſimplicity of a nation juſt emerging from obſcurity, through the ſalutary proceſs of a long deſolation. In its vigour the equipoiſe between its virtues, its liberty, and wealth, ſtill remain; however its education is ended. Difficulty, and the Hope of a ſomewhat to be gained, thoſe grand delegates of omnipotence, have withdrawn themſelves. Contemplate a few generations, the equipoiſe is gone! The prone deſires of human nature muſt creep in; its wealth and liberties will tyrannize over its virtues; the divine may lament from the unfrequented temple, the legiſlator may thunder from the ſenate-houſe—'twill be in vain!—Better dream of impriſoning the winds! The mandate of deſtruction is gone forth—the redeeming arm of chaſtiſement has ſhrouded itſelf in thick darkneſs!—that people is doom'd to fall! 'Tis not its

Kings,

Kings, its Rulers that have precipitated it! It but takes, like other human and mutable things, a new and downward ſtation in the eternal wheel of deſtiny!—Let us, then, tremble, and keep aloof. Theſe things are regiſtered in the awful ſecrets of Heaven!

Le Charier. Talk ever thus. I am one ſpited by the fortunes of this world; yet do I love the world, and my brethren who inhabit it. It ſoothes me thus to trace an Almighty Power in all things!

Colvil. So it is, my friend. The fortunate *alone* are they who complain!—Health, happineſs, and a ſomewhat of virtue, form the general experience of man: hence we *talk* of their *oppoſites*, and he who has the feweſt of theſe oppoſites, talks with the loudeſt and bittereſt tongue! 'Tis a ſtrange exception which he cannot brook!—But enough; you know what has led us to this—'twas your requeſt to be informed of my intention with regard to the poor children under your care.——Le Charier, you underſtand me not. Knowing that I am wealthy, and perceiving that I devote none of that wealth to my own enjoyment; and moreover, being acquainted with ſome

of

of my wayward ſchemes, with regard to the more unfortunate of my brethren; you had imbibed, together with thoſe around you, a ſuſpicion that I had enliſted myſelf as one of that light, thoughtleſs, and ſelf-confident crew, who dream that a community without laws is a community without vices—well, ſtill let them dream! Yet heaven grant that they may be interrupted in their courſe, till their own virtues juſtify their concluſions.